

Seals and Crofts, Yellow Dirt

(lyrics by James Seals; music by James Seals & Dash Crofts, 1971)
From the album SUMMER BREEZE (1972).

He gets up every morning and he lights upon the floor.
He migrates to the washroom and he opens up the door.
The whiskers on his chin tells him he's in, and then
Through the paste and the soap, sees an image without hope.
He's a broom of a fellow, an oddity in parenthesis.
So infected with disease of yellow dirt down in his soul.

He usually spends his spare time counting hairs upon his arm.
The ants upon the cupboard to his thinking add their charm.
He never starts to notice that his shoes are full of lead.
He's dead, through cough. Labored breathing, he is seething.
He's a sandwich of a fellow, an all-spread personality.
So infected with disease of yellow dirt down in his soul.

Last night a thousand stars were his to mold like clay, and so
In one split second's anger he did reach and take a hold.
He saw himself a captain way off in some kissin' situation.
That would have made his father proud, he laughs out loud.
He conceals the hurt. He reveals the dirt.
The yellow dirt down in his soul. The yellow dirt down in his soul.
The yellow dirt down in his soul. The yellow dirt down in his soul.